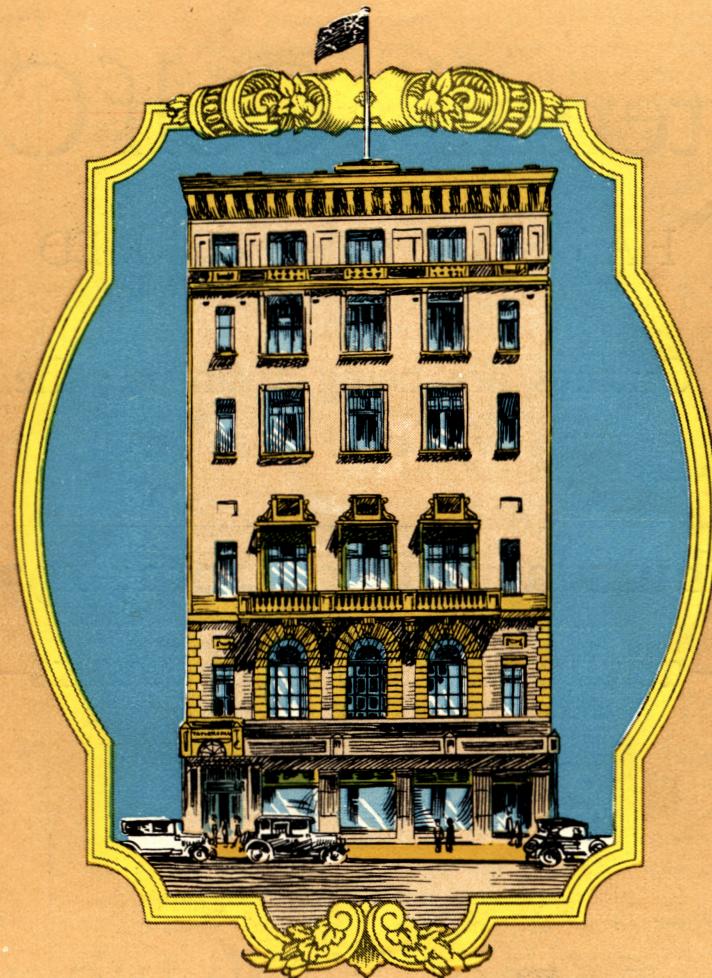


# TATTERSALL'S CLUB (SYDNEY)



# MAGAZINE

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**—at the Manly Golf Links—**



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*See News Item on Page 32.*

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB (Sydney) MAGAZINE

Vol. 2. No. 1.

February 7, 1930.

Price Sixpence

## Tattersall's Club Sydney

Established 1858



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## CLUB MEMBERSHIP

The roll of membership of the Club has now passed the two thousand mark, and it was wisely proposed by the Committee some time ago to limit membership to the maximum of two thousand five hundred. As soon as that number has been reached the membership roll will be closed and a waiting list instituted. In view of this, it behoves members, therefore, who are anxious to have their friends as fellow-members, to take the necessary steps for their admittance without undue delay.

We would reiterate that the general convenience and comfort of the Club cannot be stressed too much. The Club premises are undoubtedly the best appointed in Australia, and long ago they were recognised as being an ideal place where members could foregather and enjoy the amenities of life in pleasant surroundings. Man was ever a gregarious animal—he must by the very virtue of things mix with his fellows, change ideas or take part in friendly games. He who denies himself such pleasures is greatly the loser. The Club is a fine rendezvous for the furtherance of such tastes. One has only to see the capacious Club-room on an ordinary week-day to realise that men whose interests touch almost every avenue in city and State life are members and, without exception, we are safe in assuming that every member is proud of his membership and of the luxurious premises which are the home of the Club.

The residential side of the Club is deservedly popular, and as the membership increases until it reaches the maximum number, further opportunity will be afforded, of course, for the provision of additional appointments and other features which will add to the general sturdiness and the value of the Club as a whole.

On these hot summer days, a visit to the Swimming Pool will convince any man that that feature alone is well worth membership of the Club being taken up. It is an adjunct of the Club that has become famous throughout the southern hemisphere, and with the institution of the buffet service therein, further comfort was added to an already excellently-appointed part of the Club.

The presentation of swimming trophies is an indication that real interest is being taken in the Swimming Pool, and we would suggest that members would do well to make even better known the various activities and the privileges afforded by the Club, and institute a drive, so to speak, to bring membership speedily up to maximum strength.

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## Two Years of Rural Art

(The following reminiscences of an old member of the Club will be read with interest.—Editor.)

How interesting as a character in the fiction of the past was the wandering artist. He was pictured with long hair that curled over his coat collar, a Grecian nose, a gracefully twirled moustache, and as always wearing a sombrero hat. If he had a beard it was elegantly pointed. The plutocrats referred to him, often very truly, as a "poor devil of a painter," but the girls who read of his gentle manners and ennobling study were ever ready to fall in love with so romantic a personage. Most of the celebrated academicians of the mid-Victorian era had in their young days taken to the country for a living. Ford Madox Brown, at first, made so little from selling his work by the roadside as he finished it, that he was occasionally placed in straits quite pitiful. Frith, when vagabonding thus, was wont to paint yeoman's portraits at £5 a piece, and he lived to sell his Academy pictures at £2000 or £3000 per canvas.

The writer of these memories, then not quite eighteen years old, and a "new chum" in Victoria, lost his job one day in the following circumstances. He was a junior clerk, not too smart, nor over much devoted to the proper performance of his duties. The coachman employed by the head of the firm was loitering round the office wearing a coat with the side pockets bulging open. Into one I dropped two raw red unfledged sparrows taken from a nest in the yard. As the coachman, after a hasty exclamation when his hand came in contact with these, chased the clerk out into the streets past a large group of customers who much enjoyed the fun, with a view of putting the sparrows down his neck, the boss came along. What happened to the coachman later did not transpire, but the clerk was "fired" on the spot, some former peccadilloes being remembered to his disadvantage.

Before any new appointment could even be looked for, he became a victim of typhoid fever. Recovering at length at the home of a distant connection in the country, when he was just about strong enough to move on, he got this none too gentle hint from his benefactor: "The Americans have a proverb, my boy, which is worth remembering. It is 'Root, hog or die.'" An old uncle of the lad's had once advised: "Never take your coat off to get a living, or you'll never get it on again." Respect for this opinion, and the impulse to go and "root" led me, then, promptly to the determination to try art, for the time being, as a means of subsistence in Australia.

One bright afternoon I set out from Bendigo, on the northern road, with precisely 3/6 in my pocket, and that borrowed. Was I downhearted? Who would believe it if I said "No." My training was expressed in a certificate of having passed and won a prize in free-hand and model drawing at one of the British Science and Art Department's examinations in London; my equipment was a few sheets of thin cartridge paper, such as is found in cheap drawing books, contained between two large sized book covers, together with a lead pencil and a piece of rubber. My change of laundry and night attire were parcelled in brown paper. Behold me for-

lornly diffident, looking from side to side to find a likely patron. My first customer, I gratefully remember, and it is 40 years back, was one Crotti, apparently an Italian, who kept a wine saloon near Epsom. Displayed on his sign was his Christian name, Domenichino. That did it. There was the artistic nexus. Two shillings invested in a pencilled sketch of his very plain weatherboard premises, overtopped by a tree in the rear, and he bade the sketcher good luck. By the time I got to Huntly, I had earned 8/6, finishing the day's labours by drawing, for another half crown, a view of a small draper's shop there, kept by a Mr. Pyke, an old gentleman of a most compassionate disposition. Finding that the artist was dubious about where he should lay his head that night, lest he should consume all of his little capital in expenses before entering on his second day on tour, this good Samaritan, on his own initiative, interviewed the landlord of the nearest hotel and procured me lodgings on the undertaking that I would draw the inn for the licensee by way of recompense.



The Betting Ring, Randwick, on Tattersall's Club Cup Day.

Next morning, of course, that arrangement was honoured. Gratifying success awaited me later. I drew a couple of cottages and a farmhouse, earning twelve shillings by dusk, and I had all my meals free as the invited guest of warm-hearted patrons. Anxiety whether the practice of art in those parts would provide me with a living did not last more than a week. Each day brought a sufficiency of customers. Indeed I was often oversubscribed. Hardly anyone seemed willing to let me pass on without taking one of my sketches. Wretched little bark shacks, or rough homes compounded of canvas, timber slabs, galvanised iron, and flattened-out kerosene tins, proved so comparatively picturesque when reproduced by my pencil that none felt his dwelling-house too mean-looking to be drawn. By the end of a fortnight, enough money had been got together to enable me to refit. So I went to Bendigo then by train, bought a con-

siderable stock of superior drawing paper there, French crayons, etc., and with a square portable box to hold these things and a change of necessary clothing, set out once more, leaving by train for a township in the centre of a good farming district. Thenceforward no work was accepted priced under five shillings and ten shillings and upwards to a couple of guineas was charged for sketches, according to size. Constant employment still presented itself. The fact that photographers had traversed the district did not prejudice the demand, for everyone wanted colour. The general storekeeper, the village blacksmith, the butcher, and the baker successively ordered pictures in the settlements, while in the bush every "cocky" almost was a customer.

Hospitality was universal. Never a meal time arrived but a messenger was sent out to invite the sketcher to come in and partake with the patron's family. If I was at all far away from an hotel at nights I was offered at the farms just as often the spare bedroom reserved for visitors as a "shake-down" in the men's hut. Here berths were fixed up along the walls for sleeping in as on shipboard, and always a large fire was burning during cold weather. Through the long winter evenings the farm hands and their friends would sit about the hearth with their dogs at their feet, and sing, and play violins or concertinas, or smoke and exchange the gossip of the countryside about kangaroo hunts, dances, race meetings and the rustic love affairs. Almost fresh from London, and comprehensively lacking in experience save of city life, I found much charm in these surroundings and developed vast interest in the strange bush lore revealed by the speakers. Sometimes an old man who had taken part in the gold rushes of the fifties would tell stories of the diggings, and of how magnificent finds were stumbled upon and immense fortunes easily made in those spacious days. Outside, meanwhile, was usually such profound stillness as suggested that the little group might have been living altogether out of the world. Did I wake in the middle of the night when my companions were asleep, there was still the cheerful fire to banish melancholy, until my senses were again steeped in slumber.

Frequently where I was being entertained, the

daughters of the house would play and sing for me in the early hours of the evening. Many a pressing invitation I got, when leaving, to call again. Often I did so call and went to dances with the girls, or for walks. More than one sentimental moonlight boating excursion on the Campaspe was taken by me in female company. The strain that people with poor accommodation sometimes put upon themselves to house the wayfarer, while attesting to their kindness of heart, once placed the young artist in a somewhat embarrassing situation. I was put to bed behind a curtain stretched across a room wherein three bouncing sisters from 15 to 18 years old were already nesting. As a cavalier, chivalrous and sans reproche, of course, I treated the curtain as being quite impenetrable by the eye, and as a barrier equivalent in efficiency to a six inch brick wall; this proper mental attitude being strengthened by the knowledge that the young ladies' parents occupied an adjoining room and were keeping their door open. Having disrobed with the utmost noiselessness, I fell asleep while painfully wondering whether I would disturb anyone if perchance I snored. When daylight came, I was giving deep and anxious thought to how I could best observe the proprieties in the processes of getting up when I heard the house-father tramp off to his work, and the girls, amid sundry gigglings, stamped into their mother's room. That they took a much less serious view of the circumstances just then than I did seemed to be implied by the simultaneous arrival over the top of the curtain of a soft missile that fell upon my face and proved to be a tightly rolled up pair of women's stockings.

My patrons were not in general difficult to please. Yet I had trouble to regulate my work on a profitable basis. Houses being easily drawn, I tried to confine my labours to representing them and their landscape and aerial settings. But farmers would occasionally want prize cows, or pet ponies depicted, and they could seldom be persuaded to believe the fact that it took more trouble to draw one animal properly than a whole homestead and its surroundings. I could not charge extra for such additions to my pictures, and when I was constrained to include them, my work, of course, became unremunerative.



General View of the Tote at Randwick.

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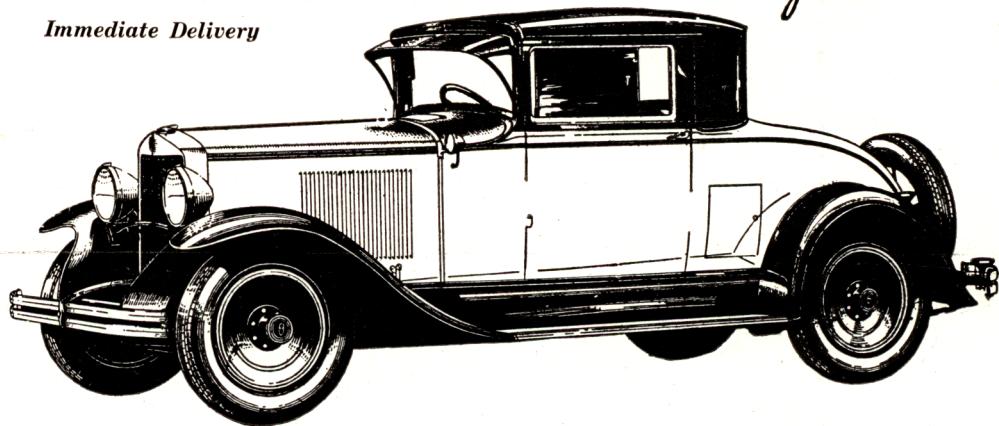
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# **GRAAHAM-PAIGE**

tive. One day a squatter drove me out to an extensive country property which he owned and took me to the top of an eminence which commanded a fine view of the run. The artist said he would sketch this and colour it, but would only undertake to put his flocks and herds in the middle distance, knowing that he could not represent them with facility by suggestive daubs of pigment. To that, after much argument, my patron grudgingly agreed. As I was finishing my picture, however, it seems to me that a bold rock in the foreground called for embellishment, so I surmounted it with a life-like presentation of a particularly angular goat that was browsing around, thinking it would be accepted as in some sense a substitute for a chamois. But when the squatter saw it he swore violently and said "This is a sheep-station, sir. I don't want it suggested that it will rear nothing but measly goats."

Women and girls would not always accept my assurance that I did not draw portraits. They would at times cajole me into sketching them, letting down their back hair or "high-binding" it, according as they thought they could be most pleasingly represented. The impressionable young man, as I was, was compensated for the loss he incurred by doing this onerous work at landscape rates, to some extent, as he thought, through the opportunities it gave him of getting on flirtatious and telepathic terms with his sitters. My portraits were by no means all failures. After finishing a satisfactory half-length of a middle-aged housekeeper at the residence of a wealthy old bachelor grazier, who kept an entourage of half a dozen plump and mature women servants and no men employees within a mile of his premises, I was offered the most dazzling commission of my tour. It was to paint the whole bevy, life-size and nude, in a recess of the dining room wall, as classical goddesses. I had bashfully to decline that contract as being over young for such a vast responsibility, and having had no training in the delineation of "the altogether." But I was assured the ladies would pose, and it was explained that there was an element of rivalry in the matter, a neighbouring land-owner having some "spanking" pictures of the same sort, reputed to be copies of the works of old Dutch masters.

Another variety of effort almost forced upon me by good people who were anxious to put money in my way, was sign painting. I did a notice board at a cemetery, the signs of several hotels, and notably the owner's name on a miner's boarding-house. It was "B. Edhouse." I made the "B" so close to the "E" and inserted so insignificant a stop between them, that the inscription read "Bedhouse," and so the thing became a joke, although as men on different shifts were sleeping there during all hours of the twenty-four, a bedhouse in fact it was. Not knowing what a tradesman would ask for payment for this sort of industry, to be on the safe side I asked prices in some cases that, even now, would be regarded as shameful over-charges, although decorators' wages have probably doubled or trebled since then, and I was usually paid what I quoted.

Besides parts of the Bendigo district, I traversed much of the area known as the Midele Diggings in those days. Without having any thrilling adventures, I certainly had some funny ones. One night, outside Castlemaine, on the road to Muckleford, two women who had given me a lift in a springcart suddenly became awestruck and strangely fearful. One of them asked me "Are you Dan Kelly?" The Kelly bushrangers were at this time at large and were apt to appear anywhere. A brewer's drayman who was obliging me with a ride across Charlotte Plains on a very hot afternoon initiated me in the performance of a strange but refreshing rite. He said, "Young man, have you ever tried sucking the monkey?" "No," was my astonished response. With a gimlet the drayman bored a hole in one of his casks. Then he continued, "Now suck." A cool drink of beer was thus drawn off by me, and afterwards the drayman had one. Later, a wooden plug was inserted into the aperture, cut off level with the outside of the cask, and the external end having been rubbed over with dirt, it did not appear that the vessel had ever been broached. A middle-aged woman who was visiting the town when I was resting on a slack day at Talbot asked me, as a favour and for company's sake, to drive her from their hotel at Waubra, where she had business. I agreed. The lady proved to be a match-maker. She explained during the journey that she was going to see her daughter who was in service on a farm, and that I was just the sort of fellow she would like her girl to marry. I was not then 20 years of age, but perhaps looked older. None but the prospective bride was home when the farm was reached. The mother impetuously explained the purpose for which she had brought me in the process of introduction. "Kiss him," she concluded. Thunderstruck, and with some hesitation, the damsel offered her cheek, and as she was wholesome looking and well favoured I did my part with alacrity, but no further progress was made with the courtship. When the mother had done talking about family affairs, there was another kiss between the newly acquainted pair at parting, negotiated with the same coy, wide-eyed wonder by the girl, and something was said about meeting. On the road back, however, when following a track through some old diggings at Back Creek, I carelessly allowed a wheel of the conveyance to go into a two-foot depression. As a result, my intending mother-in-law was precipitated over the side, and a 56lbs. cheese fell on top of her when she reached the ground. She was not much hurt, but, deeply resenting a disposition to laugh shown by me, she sulked for the rest of the evening. Next day she left the town and I saw no more of her or of the daughter.

A characteristic of my work was truthfulness. I did not attempt to idealise. Such considerations as breadth, tone, feeling and other pet assets in the critic's battery of essentials were no doubt generally overlooked, but the fact remains that even now, my pictures are to be seen on the walls of many old homes where I called during my two years' itinerary now so long ago; and they are treasured as souvenirs and substantially faithful renderings of the owners' former environment.

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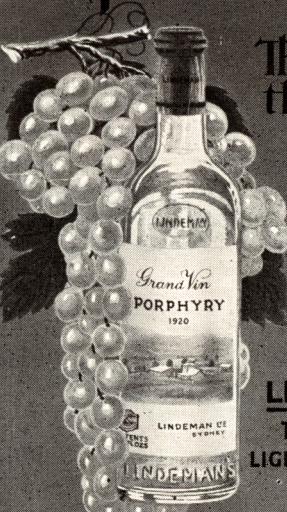
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## Simba—The Lion

(An interesting reminiscence from the pen of an old-time hunter. Mr. George Lee, who writes this article, was for many years in Rhodesia and the districts around the Zambezi and he tells gracily of his experiences with the King of Beasts.—Ed. "T.M.")

With all his faults Simba is a gentleman.

He must not be confused with his cousin the Indian tiger—a cowardly and murderous brute who kills for the sheer brutal bloodlust of it.

My first introduction to Simba was by sound. Left, a greenhorn, the sole white man on a mining prospect in a recently built daga hut, I was reading late one night when I heard a strange sound. Some atavistic instinct in me caused my hair to tingle curiously at the back as I half raised myself from the stretcher. The sound was repeated. It resembled magnavoce—the grunt of a fighter who has stopped a powerful punch in the region of the plexus. I knew what it was; knew just as well as the little duiker or the half-grown waterbuck who heard it for the first time. It was Simba's hunting sound.

Simba does not make the sound just like fun. He hunts in couples. If with a lady, so much the better. Simba prowls around the windward of the dinner which runs terrified to where Mrs. Simba waits in suitable ambush. Simba is an artful old warrior, and does not believe in wasting bodily energy where a little forethought may save it.

It was on the Rhodesian veldt where I had been placed. The place was but sparsely inhabited by a few natives in kraals. Night time was a weird experience not lightly forgotten. The noises made by hunters and hunted seem in that vast quietness to be made in a sounding-box or under a huge star-spangled basin with a background of velvety darkness beautiful and solemn. The hyena is the most fearsome breaker of the great silence. His cackling cadence is horrid, demoniac, absolutely vile in its beastliness. That it belongs to a cowardly carrion eater, a butcher of young and defenceless things, does not detract from the horror of his harsh cacchinnation echoing faintly and re-echoing from distant hills. The jackal by comparison is quite a homely howler; he reminds one of the domestic cat of the cities in the whirl of love.

But to return to Simba (not willingly if it be night time and no moon). Certain hunters and naturalists have laid down rules as to Simba's behaviour. They say of him that he will not attack man in daylight, that he will not enter huts or houses as he fears traps, that he prefers the risk of a black man to a white, and many other things. But the unfortunate thing is that Simba does not read these things, and is apparently as ignorant of natural history as the tiger that refused to be quelled by the power of the human eye. Simba may generally be relied upon to mind his own business most of the time, but on the other occasions he delights in the unexpected.

Simba had just taken a pony that was growing up on the veldt. Its mother had died, and we hoped that this foal would grow up "salted" (free from the prevailing horse sickness). We reared him on the bottle, my house servant and I, with goat's milk generally and tinned milk and water when the goats failed us by being killed for meat.

When Simba makes a kill at a place he frequently returns to see if there are any more like the meal he had, much in the same way as a human hunter remembers where he got this or that in such or another bit of scrub. So I was not surprised when I heard a lion prowling about the hut a few weeks later. I had taken the precaution to house my goats and my horse in a new "skarum" (mimosa bush enclosure) close to my hut. I had made little windows also on all sides so that I could fire out of them if necessary at night time. Peering through the back window of the living room I saw a dark body slinking across the clearing, and somewhat excitedly I fired my Mannlicher at him.

The next moment was hectic. How he did it I know not, but a fierce lion like some huge cat was trying to force its way through the window, one claw on the sill and another reaching inwards. Fortunately I had on the rough table a .45 Webley. I seized it and fired three bullets in rapid succession into his throat, and he collapsed. But I did not sleep any more that night, and did not investigate till daylight. He was dead all right, and one bullet had broken his spinal column.

He was mangy and old. The boy skinned him with many expressions of delight (he afterwards ate the heart), but my heart was sad. The skin was useless, and his teeth were broken and decayed. He was an old-timer, and that was probably the cause of his taking the pony near my hut instead of the more active buck. But he is enshrined on a well-graven tablet in my memory, for he was my FIRST LION. All hunters will appreciate what that meant.

My next encounter with Simba was short and humiliating. I was trekking home at sundown and took a short cut across some kopjes. I was jogging along carelessly when I noticed some bones, which I rode over towards carelessly. Just as I reached them, from the back of a huge ant hill nearby a dark brown shape rose. My horse needed no urging from me, and as I was unarmed we broke all previous records for three miles. That horse was old and breathed heavily, but in my opinion that night he was greater than Eclipse.

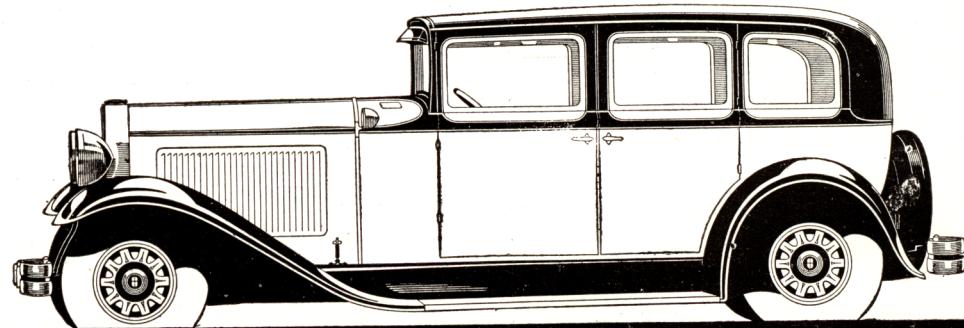
Having heard from my casual references to everyone I met—I was but eighteen at the time—that I had shot a lion, a violent person called Montgomery called on me at my camp. I entertained him at food, and drink, and at tales of other times, but he would persist in talking lions and the certainty that there were several in the neighbourhood of the Umchabete River. I knew Montgomery by repute. He was a famous lion killer. He was an addict in lion killing. Lion killing had him in its clutch like drugs have other and simpler folk. Montgomery was alleged to have said, "When you meet a lion he is generally some distance from you. He has to take one bound at least before he reaches you. If you don't get him when he alights on the first bound a man deserves to be killed." That was the sort of man Montgomery was, and I had a sinking feeling that he wanted me to share in his fancy sport.

(Continued on page 9.)



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Every now and then Montgomery would remark that "about four would be a good time. He will be waking up about then." I endeavoured unsuccessfully to change the subject on to other and more sensible matters.

We took a boy with a spare rifle. I carried my Martini; Montgomery used a Mauser, and we set out for the Umchabets. This river has piles of rocks at intervals on its banks, and coming to one of these outcrops Montgomery said to me—"There are recent tracks here, and I fancy I saw a lioness slinking along the river bed. Now you go round the other end of the rocks and I will go round this end, and we've got her cornered."

I hate to have to record it; but Montgomery and I parted company there and then. He was a most unlikeable man at times. And, anyhow, the lioness had done him no harm. Besides she might have had poor little babies to feed, and it is inhuman to kill a mother.

My next lion was a young full-grown male. In Rhodesia you can cover most of the country on a bicycle, riding on the "pads" the natives make in their treks from kraal to kraal. Occasionally there is a sudden drop to a creek or an unexpected hole, but as long as one is wary a bicycle does for fairly long journeys. I was coasting down a hill when I saw this lion right on the track. He stood and looked at me enquiringly. Being unarmed, I had no chance if I stopped and retreated; he was too near. So I started yelling, spreading my legs out, waving my arms. But I think it was the yelling that did the trick—Simba cleared off for the lick of his life, while I pedalled up the next rise with the power of an Opperman. I was more fortunate than a friend of mine. In his case the lion was curious. He made a rush at the cyclist, knocked him over, and patted the rider and the cycle for a while and then bit my friend's neck, nearly severing it, and left the body to be found later. Apparently he was not hungry. A native witnessed the whole affair.

A lion took two of my donkeys, several sheep and many goats. He had jumped the skarum for his food, and jumped out with it. I collected a pack of native curs (dogs), and with a couple of gun-bearers went after Simba. We dug him out from his daily sleep and the dogs yapped around him. The curs would not go near enough for him to get at them all, but would rush in when he turned his back. Simba killed a couple of dogs before I planted a couple of Martini slugs in him at a hundred yards. He had a good skin. Ten minutes later we came across his mate, curiously enough a cripple. I also got Mrs. Simba. From then on I sought Montgomery. I was confident of myself, but I regret to say I have never met him since.

I have often seen numbers of lions together in Uganda. But in that country the lion is as common as hares in Australia, owing to the enormous herds of game which roam the verdant and fertile plains. Only twelve miles from Buluwayo, near Tabas, Induna, I once saw twelve lions gamboling together. I was riding with a lady at the time and did not think it worth while to have a shot, although I was carrying a sporting Lee-Enfield, and I was considered somewhat of a shot up to 700 yards at the time.

(To be continued.)

## Under Java Skies

Along the banks of the rivers are moored boats of all descriptions, fine Malay fishing praus with quaint stem and stern pieces painted in pale blue, green, red and white, scores of small dug-outs used for up-river transport and ferry work, and native fishing canoes (kolek) with crescent ends, fantastically painted. Moored further out in the stream lie two or three big Chinese tong-kangs, unloading rice.

On the left, as we sail past the low sandbank, a group of observant Malays stand laughing and talking, their bright sarongs making a vivid splash of colour on a scene already beautiful. A little farther on we alter our course to avoid some men and boys who were diving for oysters on the river-bed. Crocodiles immediately occur to our mind and we ask our boatmen if there is no danger. "Oh," they tell us, "they don't eat people unless they try to kill them. True, a long time ago two Malay girls were paddling about on a sandspit nearer the mouth of the river, when the elder girl was seized by a crocodile. Her young sister, screaming for help, seized her hand and tried to drag her away, but the other poor girl could bear the pain no longer and begged her to let go. This she did, and the child was immediately carried down to the bottom of the river. But this was many years ago, and they don't hurt people now." That is all we can get out of them.—M.T.C.

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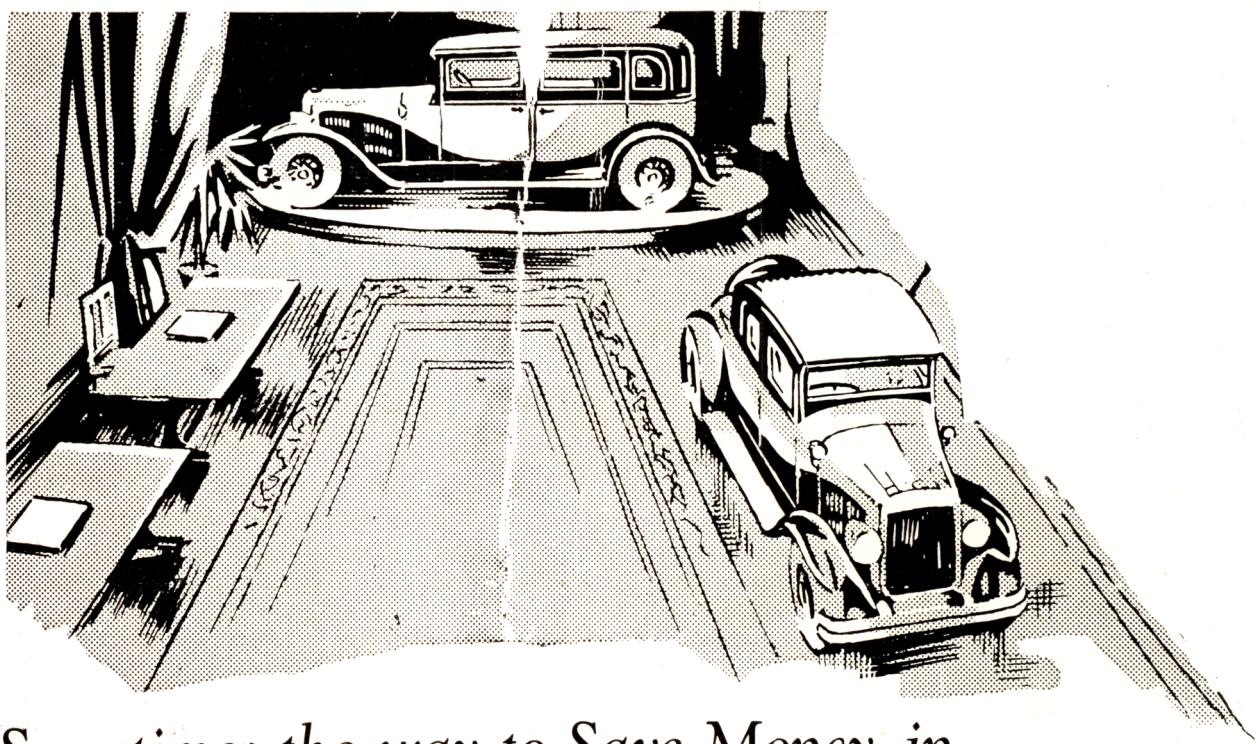
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## Polo—and its Relationship to the Thoroughbred

How many sportsmen realise that polo is one of the few outlets for the small horse?

In the majority of instances an undersized horse is immediately regarded as of value only to the man who races ponies on the Associated Racing Courses.

But this idea is very wide of the mark. Only the thick-and-thin followers of polo understand the terms of £.s.d. that can be applied to the well-bred, but undersized horse. And a pony who is clever, fast, and possessed of an easy temper is indeed worth a great deal to the breeder, not as a proposition for A.R.C. racecourses, but for the polo player. These latter are generally men of substance to whom an extra "century," when bidding for a good pony is indulged in, is a mere bagatelle. By no means do the "pony" racecourses, in these circumstances, represent the only outlet for the undersized thoroughbred.

And this aspect, in a few years time, will be all the more evident when the New South Wales Polo Association is "at home" on its own polo ground at "Kyeemagh," near Botany Bay. A stimulus will be added to the sport and we will find our bloodstock salesmen, when offering an undersized yearling, will launch their appeal to prospective buyers in terms of "Here we are, gentlemen, this proposition should appeal to not only 'pony' owners but also to polo players."

Breeders of blood horses will have reason to be pleased if, with the introduction at "Kyeemagh" of more frequent polo tournaments, there is a more buoyant note about the market for polo ponies. Our utility market is a thing of the past. Various reasons can be advanced for this state of affairs. It costs too much for people to breed horses for the utility market. On top of this there is not the same necessity as in the past for the stockman or the station holder to use horses. Quite a good deal of mustering is done by motor car.

When breeding for the utility horse market, big risks are to be contended with. The possibility of blemishes in horses has so concerned many station holders that they prefer to breed bullocks instead of utility horses. Where a blemish in a horse would be fatal so far as the market value is concerned, with a bullock no inconvenience is entailed.

The bottom having fallen out of the utility horse market, so to speak, we find that the polo ponies are practically all thoroughbreds. In fact, 20 per cent. of these ponies are eligible for the Australian Stud Book. The stimulus that the opening of "Kyeemagh" will give to polo playing in Australia is certain to be reflected in the sale of thoroughbreds, and the breeders of this country can look forward to the advent of this new era with a certain amount of satisfaction. With polo players vieing with one another for possession of a pacy looking and clever undersized thoroughbred we will probably find that whereas many ponies that in the past realised £20 or £30 will in the future bring 10 times this amount. Thus the relationship of polo to the thoroughbred is likely to assume a rather pronounced aspect before long.

This will happen when "Kyeemagh" is in full swing.

As yet "Kyeemagh" is a project, that, while now the result of some few years activities, is as yet in its infancy only. It is a rather interesting story as to how the N.S.W. Polo Association 'found' "Kyeemagh"—its own polo ground.

At the committee luncheon prior to Limerick winning the Hill Stakes at Rosehill on Sept. 17, 1927, Mr. Parke W. Pope, a prominent Sydney business man and a keen golf, cricket, tennis and polo enthusiast, asked Mr. Ken Austin, the honorary secretary of the N.S.W. Polo Association, how the Association was progressing in the matter of purchasing a new ground. Mr. Austin's reply was that hope had almost been given up as the sites inspected were all found to be either too expensive or unsuitable. Mr. Pope there and then promised to interest himself in the matter and he pointed out that if grounds could be secured he had the right man in the late Mr. H. Dudley, who had previously been employed by Mr. Pope but had then launched out for himself to make a fortune in the Real Estate business.

It was not long before an inspection trip was arranged the party consisting of Messrs. T. L. Willsallen, Parke Pope, H. Dudley and Ken T. Austin. The car had passed the Ascot Racecourse on the way to inspect some land at La Perouse, but the car turned off to allow of a view being secured of a new bridge over Cook's River. While looking at the bridge, Mr. Willsallen pointed to some open land, fringed with trees in the middle distance, and on hearing from Mr. Dudley that he thought it was the property of the Water Board and might possibly be for sale it was decided to return to town and make inquiries. The surmise was correct and subsequently a larger body, including those in the original inspection as well as Messrs. Anthony Hordern, T. L. F. Rutledge and P. Willsallen, inspected the Water Board property. This was approached from the Tempe end and on arrival those concerned were satisfied they had at last found a site to suit them. Messrs. Dudley & Pope worked unceasingly in their negotiations with the Water Board and just when everything was going well Mr. Dudley fell ill and died. This meant the abandonment of the scheme for the time being.

Some months elapsed when Mr. Parke Pope was again approached. He brought the negotiations to a successful end and the land now known as "Kyeemagh" was bought by a syndicate composed of Messrs. Anthony Hordern, P. S. Willsallen, T. L. Willsallen, Hon. James Ashton, M.L.C., Parke W. Pope, Col. T. L. F. Rutledge and Ken T. Austin.

The work done by the late Mr. Dudley in the purchase of the polo ground was remarkable. It was his suggestion that the name "Kyeema" was an appropriate one for the ground and this was adopted. "Kyeema" is an Aboriginal word meaning "dawn," and its suitability is at once apparent when one looks from the grounds across to Botany Bay—the dawn of our nation—where Captain Cook sailed in and hoisted the Union Jack at Kurnell, just inside Botany Heads. The addition of the

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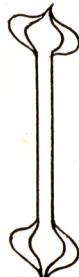


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two last letters "gh" to "Kyeema" brings it into line with "Ranelagh."

"Kyeemagh" offers its members a wonderful site for a Country Club situated within 7 miles of the G.P.O. and contains 54 acres situated on the banks of Cook's River, about one mile from where it joins the waters of Botany Bay. The land is ideal for the making of two full-sized polo grounds, exercising and practice fields, tennis courts, etc., to the erection of a modern Club House, and up-to-date suitable accommodation where ponies and their grooms can be permanently housed. A shooling menage will probably be erected in time, similar to the one in use at Hurlingham, a practice cage erected and everything made complete and up-to-date for the present and rising generation of polo players.

When Colonel Melville, D.S.O., was here some little time ago in charge of the British Army-in-India polo team, this famous polo international, who has seen and played on practically every polo ground in the world, described "Kyeemagh" "as the best natural site for a polo ground that he had ever seen."

With such an establishment and the conveniences it will give to the player the standard of the game will be considerably raised in New South Wales because the lack of a really high-class ground here has long been apparent. With the improved standard of play will come an improved value of polo ponies, to the betterment of the thoroughbred industry.

## Grandstand Judges

Some members of the public are very much like a lot of sheep in their opinions of jockeys. Who cannot recall it being said of some subsequently fashionable rider, that they "Would not back anything he rode with bad money?" It seems to be through a vain desire to be thought good judges, when half the time people who give their opinion in this way, are not capable of judging, and if asked which is the right side to mount a horse, they would probably say "The outside."

The same thing seems to operate as regards the looks of a horse that is a hot favorite for any race. You will hear people who could hardly tell whether a horse is "a Shorthorn or a Hereford," admiring audibly. If by chance the favorite is on the leg, they will count it as a virtue, and say "Look at the stride it's got," while on the other hand if it is on the small side they will say, "Yes, but it is a big little horse" (whether it is so or not). A case of handsome certainly is as handsome does. But if it runs badly, you will hear "I didn't like the look of it at all." In the same way a horse of the best conformation, if it has never showed up, is never admired till it does so.

The horse they back is always "dead" with some backers if it doesn't win. No doubt, non-triers do exist as proved by occasional disqualifications, but as a rule, the most probable explanation is that the winner was too good. Subsequent runnings will generally prove this, though, of course, there are exceptions.—"Wilga."

### COMMONWEALTH 6 PER CENT. CONVERSION AND REDEMPTION LOAN, 1930.

Interest: 6 per cent.

Price of Issue: Par.

## LOAN TO BE REPAYED ON MARCH 15, 1937

Right reserved to the Treasurer to close the Loan at any time and to refuse further applications.

### CONVERSION PRIVILEGES.

Holders of Stock or Bonds in the 6 per cent. Commonwealth Loans maturing on 15th March, 1930, and 15th December, 1930, are invited to convert into this new Loan as on 15th March, 1930.

Persons who convert Stock or Bonds maturing on 15th MARCH, 1930, will receive the usual half-yearly interest payment due on that date, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.

Persons who convert Stock or Bonds maturing on 15th DECEMBER, 1930, will receive on 15th March, 1930, three months' interest from 15th December, 1929, to 15th March, 1930, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.

After 15th March, 1930, interest on all converted holdings will be paid half-yearly on 15th September and 15th March at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.

### CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Cash subscriptions may also be made to this new Loan. The cash will be used for the redemption of Commonwealth securities.

Subscriptions may either be paid in full at the time of application, or a deposit of 10 per cent. may be lodged with the application, and the balance paid in one amount at any time up to Friday, 14th March, 1930.

Interest will be subject to Commonwealth taxation, but will be FREE OF STATE INCOME TAX.

Applications may be lodged at any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office, or with any member of a recognised Stock Exchange

On all subscriptions to the Loan, interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the date of lodgment of the money to 15th March, 1930, will be paid by the Commonwealth on 15th March, 1930.

After 15th March, 1930, interest will be paid half-yearly on 15th September and 15th March at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.

EDWARD G. THEODORE.  
Treasurer.

Commonwealth Treasury.

# Past and Present Horses

## Have they Deteriorated?

Old-timers are most emphatic that the racehorses of their young days were superior in stamina to those of the present day, and even go so far as to state that none of our new champions could live with such as The Barb, Carbine, Abercorn and Commotion in a three-mile race. No doubt, all those horses were of superlative merit in their respective periods on the turf, and as most present-day writers of turf doings were not even born when the celebrities mentioned were thrilling racegoers with their speed, the old-timers argue that those scribes have no knowledge of their subject, and consequently are not competent to judge the merits of thoroughbreds of 50 years or so ago compared with the champions of to-day.

It is true that those who have lived sufficiently long to witness racing over a period of, say, 50 years, should be the best judges; but the writer of to-day has one infallible guide to help him form conclusions, and that is the watch. To gauge the relative speed of horses of The Barb's time and those of 1929, one has only to turn up the records, and there it will be found that the present-day horse is immeasurably superior in speed to the champions of old. Even present-day hurdle races of two miles are run in much faster time than many of the early Melbourne Cups, over the same distance were run in. A perusal of the records given below will provide convincing proof that horses now have to run much faster in order to succeed than they did in the nineteenth century. The table compiled is from the respective records of 1900 and 1929, and it will be seen that with the exception of the 2½ and 3 miles records, speed has been improved considerably during the last 29 years. There are no races

on the flat now over 2½ miles, and consequently a comparison with the record of Trenton in 1885 cannot be given; but it should be of interest to mention that the hurdler, Colonel K'nut, carried 10·4 (18 lb. more than Trenton) and won a hurdle race at Randwick over 2½ miles in 4·38½, or 1½ sec. faster than the time occupied by Trenton in winning the Canterbury Plate at Flemington, a weight-for-age race which was supposed to attract the champion stayers of their day.

Races over three miles on the flat have also been discarded, so that there is no telling what time the best of the present-day stayers could run that distance in. However, when Sandhurst won the V.R.C. Grand National Steeplechase, 3 miles, 1 furlong, on July 13 last, he carried 11·4 and covered the distance in 6 min. 8¾ sec., which is considerably faster time than some of the old-time celebrities put up in the V.R.C. Champion Stakes, 3 miles, when that race was on the autumn programme at Flemington. For instance, in 1861, Mormon, 9-2, took 6 min. 14 sec. to cover the distance, and again in 1864 he won in 6 min. 38 sec. with 9-10 up. Abercorn, with 7-12, won in 6 min. 15 sec. in 1888, and Carbine's second victory in 1891 occupied 6 min. 32¾ sec. with 9-5 up. In 1892, Strathmore, 7-12, won in 6 min. 53 sec., while Prince Foote, 7-12, in 1910, was opposed by such weak rivals that he was able to win in 8 min. 47 sec. Thus it will be seen that Sandhurst carried much more weight than the flat-race champions and covered an extra furlong in much quicker time than some of the horses which made turf history in the last century.

The following table gives the comparative records of 29 years ago and now:—

Distances.	Times.	Record-holders.			Dates.
	Min.			Min.	
4 furlongs . . . . .	0·46 1/5	Conqueror	1897	0·45	Gloaming 1921
5 furlongs . . . . .	1·0½	Walwa	1893	0·58	Machine Gun 1904
6 furlongs . . . . .	1·13	Kirry	1899	1·9 4/5	The Hawk 1922
				1·9 4/5	Chimera 1922
7 furlongs . . . . .	1·27	Trieste	1891	1·24	Finora 1925
				1·24	Waranton 1926
1 mile . . . . .	1·39¾	Djin Djin	1899	1·36½	The Hawk 1925
				1·36½	Amounis 1926
9 furlongs . . . . .	1·55	Valiant	1896	1·49¾	Fuji San 1926
1½ mile . . . . .	2·6	Hova	1893	2·3 1/5	Winning Hit 1921
				2·3½	Beauford 1921
1½ mile . . . . .	2·35	Survivor	1897	2·29½	Gothic 1928
	2·35	Fairy Prince	1899	2·29½	Kidaides 1929
1¾ mile . . . . .	3·3	Correnze	1890	2·57¾	Bacchus 1928
	3·3	Donation	1893		
	3·3	Surge	1897		
2 miles . . . . .	3·28¾	Carbine	1890	3·22¾	Star Stranger 1928
2½ mile . . . . .	3·57¾	Euroclydon	1895	3·51¾	Spearfelt 1927
2½ mile . . . . .	4·39¾	Trenton	1885		
3 miles . . . . .	5·23¾	Wallace, Quiver (Dead-heat)	1896	5·22¾	Trafalgar 1911

As a matter of fact, until what is now known as the "Sloan seat" came into general use, long-distance races were not run at a true pace, the first two miles or so of a three-mile race being run at a canter, with a sprint home.

The start Manfred gave his opponents at the commencement of the A.J.C. Derby of 1925 will be fresh in the minds of present-day sportsmen. Well, Carbine, on the day referred to, gave Lochiel nearly as much start as that over the last three furlongs and yet won!

It is quite possible that such great horses of the past as Carbine (over all distances); Abercorn (as a stayer), and Marvel (at one mile), would hold their own with most of the best of to-day, for they were undoubtedly exceptions. But the rank and file of 50 years ago must have been of very poor quality, else the times of the various distances would have been better than they appear in the records. Old-timers, when confronted with the time test, invariably reply that racing tracks have so improved that horses have much better galloping ground now than was the case in the early days. There is some argument in that assertion, certainly, but not enough to explain the great disparity in records. A racecourse can only be improved up to a certain point, and no further; and, surely, it does not take 50 years to get a track in its best condition! In England race-tracks have been laid down for hundreds of years, and yet records are still being broken over all distances. And it is the same in Australia. At Moonee Valley (Vic.), on September 15 last, Leontes won the Boomerang Hurdle Race, 2 miles, in 3 min. 36½ secs., carrying 9.8; and on that time he would have won 15 out of the first 22 Melbourne Cups, despite the fact that he carried more weight—in most cases an excess of 28 lbs.—than the winners of the Cup.

To prove that the better-prepared tracks are not alone responsible for the increased speed, one has only to peruse the records among equine high jumping at the various show grounds. Less than 30 years ago the old grey horse Desmond was the idol of the R.A.S. Show at Moore Park. The number of ribbons he had won at high-jumping, sewn on to a blanket, made a rug which covered him from his ears to his tail, yet his best performance was 6ft. 10ins. The present Australian record is now 8ft. 1in., credited to Cameo at Inverell (N.S.W.) in 1928. Then take swimming. When the late Barney Keiran was astonishing the world with his deeds in the early part of the present century, he was regarded as a human fish, because of the many records he established. But if the universe could be put back to enable poor Barney to meet Boy Charlton and Arne Borg, he would have been made to look a third-rater. Now, no one can argue that the atmosphere has improved so that horses can jump higher than formerly, or that the water is any different; and, on that reasoning, it knocks the bottom out of the contention that the increased speed is solely attributable to the improved racing tracks.

The main reason, in the writer's opinion, why long-distance races have been discarded by racing clubs is

because of the poor response by owners of really good horses. There are so many races now from six furlongs to a mile and a quarter that owners and trainers fight shy of the longer races. Since the "Sloan seat" came into vogue, horses have to make much faster times in order to win, and consequently are more distressed in having to cover every furlong in a second or more faster time than Carbine, The Barb and Abercorn had to. As a result they do not last so long on the turf, perhaps, as formerly. But they certainly have not deteriorated either in stamina or anything else, for a glance at the record clearly prove that.

Who would have the temerity to back Leontes and Sandhurst against such as Strephon, Limerick, Bacchus,

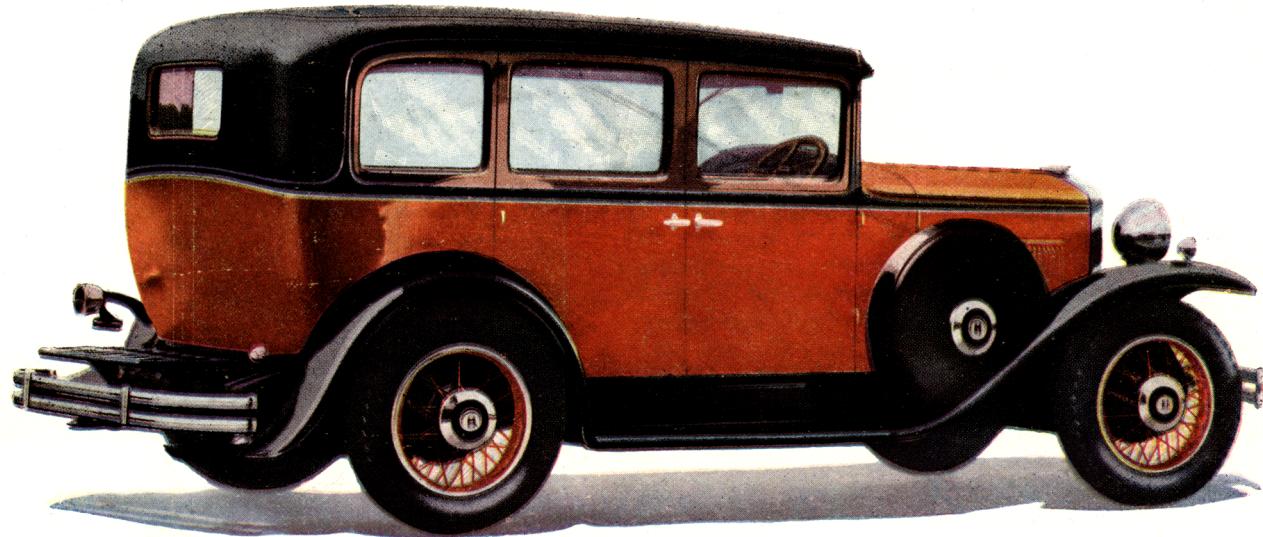


Fred. Archer on Ormonde.

Winalot, Windbag, Heroic, Manfred, Spearfelt, Pantheon and Pilliewinkie in a two-mile race on the flat; or Colonel K'nut against the same bunch at 2½ miles? Yet Leontes would easily have won the first 12 Melbourne Cups, on the time test, and Colonel K'nut would have been much too speedy for the stayers prior to 1885. No, the racehorse has not deteriorated in stamina; but the craze for large fields has caused race clubs to cater more for the sprinter than the stayer, and consequently the latter type of horse has had his opportunities so curtailed that he is not so popular with owners as in the old days. That eminent trainer Dick Mason was of the opinion that Gloaming would have been just as good at two miles as at any other distance; but why exhaust his powers in long races when there were so many shorter ones to run in? If race clubs were compelled to place on their programmes two-mile races and fewer six-furlong sprints, it would very soon be discovered that the stayers were as numerous as ever they were. But the present craze is for sprint events, and as a result the horses of stamina have to stand aside, or else join the ranks of hurdlers and 'chasers.'

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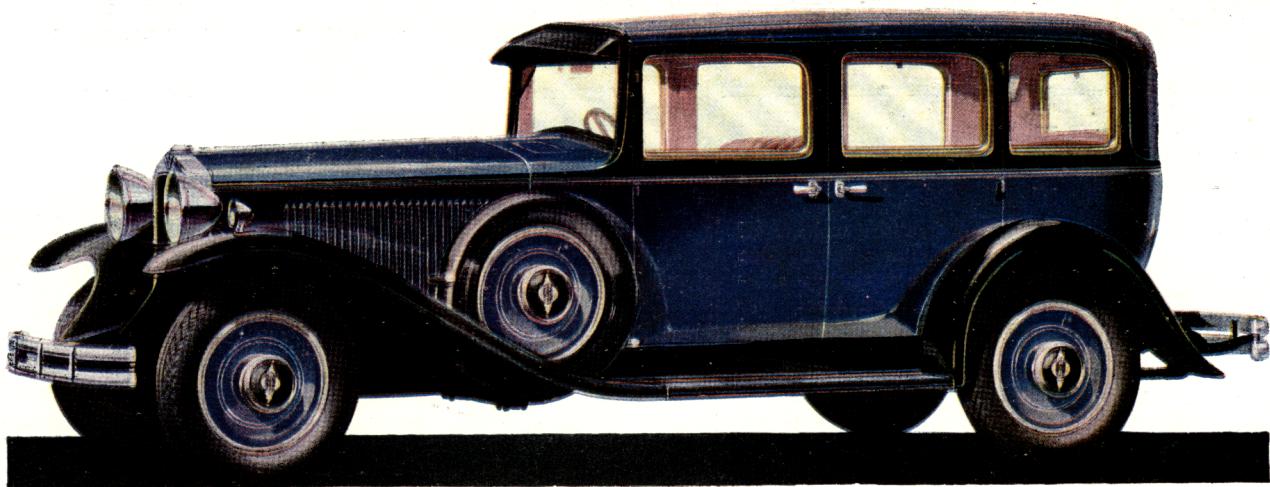
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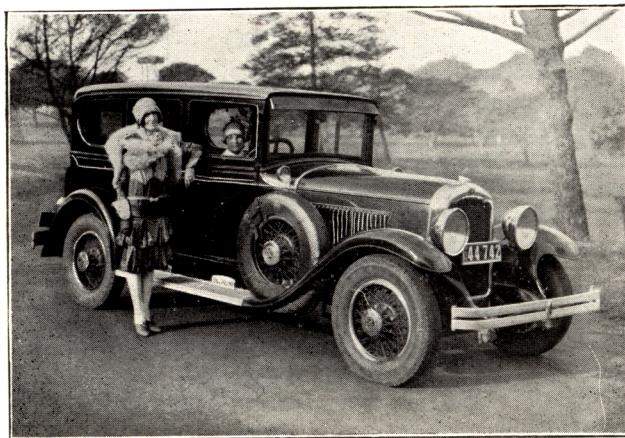
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## MOTORING

Mr. P. D. Hance, jun., who is identified with "Fox's Movietone News" in Sydney, having recently arrived in this country from America, has availed himself of every possible opportunity to explore by motor-car the various districts of New South Wales. Aided by a Flying Cloud car, he recently visited the Mudgee district, but he cannot speak of Australian roads as he can of those in America. It is the intention of Mr. Hance to shortly make the trip by car to Melbourne.



Mrs. Geo. Johns with Her New Reo Flying Cloud Master.

Mr. A. G. Collins, prominent legal member of Tattersall's Club, speaks in glowing terms of the North Coast district for the clubman who desires to enjoy a few weeks motoring, fishing, and general sport. Mr. Collins spent portion of his Christmas vacation in the Nambucca Heads and Coff's Harbour district, making his headquarters at Urunga. Accompanied by his wife and two children, Mr. Collins also had with him Mr. and Mrs. Begg, of Sydney, while the leader of the Bar in New South Wales, Mr. A. B. Shand, K.C., was met at the Ocean View Hotel at Urunga. Mr. Shand has not been enamoured of hotel life in the country districts of New South Wales and for this reason has invariably spent his vacations abroad or inter-State, but the attention he received at Urunga caused him to suggest to Mr. Collins that another vacation, in July, should be spent in this desirable locality. Travelling by train to Urunga, Mr. Collins had his Buick car sent by boat to the North Coast. But it was decided to return to Sydney by car and it is testimony to the state of the roads between Urunga and Newcastle that the 279 miles between those points were covered between 8.35 a.m. and 7.35 p.m.—11 hours, averaging over 27 miles per hour. The road from Newcastle to Gosford is also in excellent order but for 25 miles this side of Gosford conditions are bad. However, the work on the main road to Newcastle is proceeding apace and when this road is opened a saving of between 70 and 80 miles will be effected. Whilst Mr. Collins and his party were at Urunga, periodical motor

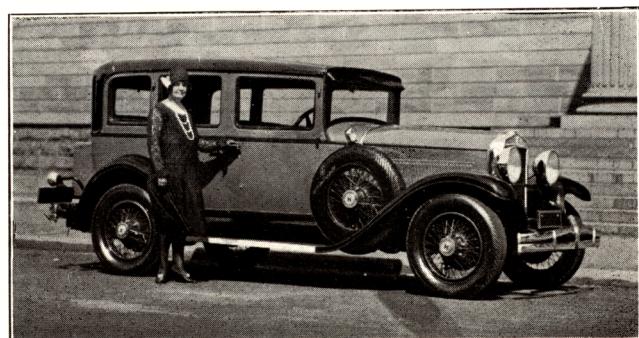
trips were made to various of the local beaches and other points of interest. Nambucca Heads, Mackaysville and Coff's Harbour were places of interest visited. At Coff's Harbour the big breakwater works are in progress to make this a safe harbour. Fishing was not quite as good as is usually the case in this district, although while Mr. Collins was there he saw a 10 lb. and two  $8\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flathead landed while good whiting were prolific. So far, fishing in the open ocean is not indulged in to any extent, but it will not be long before Urunga is able to boast this form of sport, as a sea-going fishing launch is now in course of construction when fishermen will be able to go "outside" and indulge their passion.

\* \* \*

Recently at Vaucluse Regatta, Mr. R. Walder, in his hydroplane, Century Tire, averaged 57 miles an hour for two laps. This is the fastest aggregate of speed on a circular course so far attained in Australia at any time.

\* \* \*

While Mr. A. C. Berk will continue to take an active part in the distribution of Packard cars in New South Wales, he will shortly relinquish his control in the Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

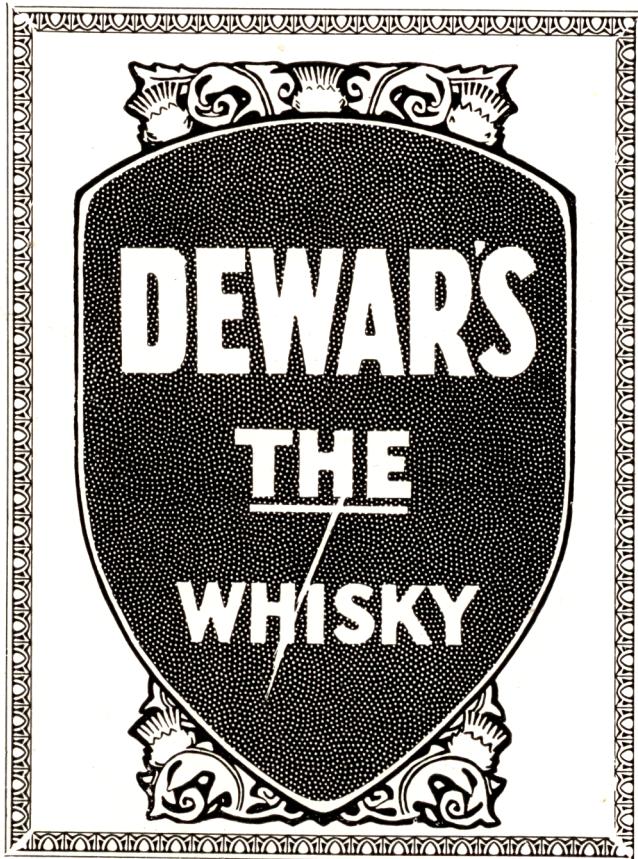


Mrs. N. R. Mackay and Her New Hupmobile.

The best wishes of the Club and motor boat enthusiasts generally will doubtless go with Club member J. P. McNamara and his mechanic, E. Lumberg, when they leave for Adelaide on the 15th instant in an endeavour to win the Griffith Cup with hydroplane Eagle.

Last year an attempt with the Eagle was spoiled by an unfortunate collision which put her out of the race, but a few months ago in Kogarah Bay a speed of 62.7 m.p.h. was attained which, if repeated, should give her an excellent chance of winning this contest.

Mr. McNamara will take with him a gold pennant given by the New South Wales Motor Boat Association which is to be presented to the South Australian Yacht Club after the race.



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## The Strugglers' Inn

(By 942)

*"But we hear far too little  
Of the ships that won't go down."*

*"These be sorry days, my brother."*

I was enjoying a three course meal, admirably served on a clean tablecloth by an extremely attractive, tall girl with a thick mop of disturbing Titian hair—not shingled, but the ordinary old-fashioned bob. Perhaps I was also enjoying the gracefulness of this long-limbed, silk-stockinged beauty of seventeen or eighteen. But it all went in for the ninepence.

That was the cost—ninepence. Who would buy a pint of beer out of his last shilling when he could get a three-course meal for ninepence? Who indeed. Besides the soup there were twenty-two dishes to choose from for the ninepence, and "specials" for another 3d., which included poultry. For those who like sweets there were nine from which to select. Tea, two cups if you like, thrown in. Unlimited bread and a generous measure of butter.

*"These be sorry days, my brother."*

I was interested in an overseas article in a first edition of the "Sun" which had been kindly left, folded, and jammed into a seat in Hyde Park. There is a ritual attached to reading a paper in Hyde Park which all the out-of-works know. After reading the paper through and through, advertisements and all (if there is no one sitting on the same seat without a paper who could be courteously offered it) that paper must be folded carefully and jammed into the seat. Neglect of this ritual means a longer frown from the Gods of Employment.

*"These be sorry days, my brother."*

This time the repetition of the words broke through my reading reverie. I raised my eyes and was confronted by a dignified gentleman with iron grey hair and moustache. Feeling more cheerful as I had nearly passed the second course (it was steak and kidney pudding) I replied, "Nobly and sadly spoken, Sir, they are." A pause. "But why call be 'brother,'" I added. "Because of that badge you wear, and more so because I see that it is unfinancial, and most so because I saw how hungrily you devoured a ninepenny meal."

He also had a badge. He also was a brother in a different sense. But that is another story that came later. He had been a major in the last war. No physical wounds, just the shattered nerves of a middle-aged man for which no board would give a pension. In a fit of enthusiasm he had resigned from the bank shortly after his return and joined a soldier friend in a real estate business. For a time matters prospered, then—the slump. Now he earned a precarious livelihood cleaning cars in the suburbs, and odd jobs. "I get occasional meals and have made as much as £3 one week. But these be sorry days; everyone is hard up but the Government servants, whose pay is the same and goes up while the temporaries and casuals are put off. This week I have made 7/6, and there is one more day to go. It will do.

I pay 5/- for my little cubby hole round the corner, and I should just make out."

"See that man there—lawyer's clerk once. Doesn't drink, doesn't smoke—racing did it. Took some money. Now he can't get a job. Tally clerk when he can get it. That big, imposing man with his wife and a returned soldier's badge: That's Colonel \_\_\_\_\_. He has a small pension—15/- a week, I think. Can't get work, gets free lodging in some flats as caretaker, wife makes a little running messages on occasions or doing a little washing. . . .

"We've got a journalist comes in here occasionally. First class man, I'm told. No, not drink, either. Started his own business, married a second time an expensive wife; went broke; can't get work."

"Most of them here earn less than £2 a week. There is a sprinkling of bachelor workers who prefer a room and casual meals to boarding, but this is the resort of the struggling out-of-work who can live on one meal a day. There are several places like this, sprung up like mushroom rooms since the bad times came."

And we parted from refreshment to seek for labour.  
*These be sorry days, my brethren.*

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## Club News and Notices

### BRIDGE CLUB.

During the month a meeting of those interested in the formation of a Bridge Club was held, when the following were elected:

President: Mr. Jerome Dowling. Committee: Messrs. Burleigh, Cantor and Rogan, with Mr. W. Dalley as Hon. Secretary.

Any Club member, who has not already signified his intention of joining the Bridge Club, is asked to kindly hand in his name to the Hon. Secretary or members of the above Committee in order that he may take his part in the games that are to be promoted in due course.

### Bridge Match.

On Wednesday evening, 22nd January, four representatives of the Club took part in a friendly match at the Millions Club, the results of the play being as under:

Dalley and Marks (Tattersall's Club) beat by 806 points McAdam and Bell (Millions Club).

Cantor and Jacobs (Tattersall's Club) beat by 1,348 points Hewitt and Epstein (Millions Club).

### SWIMMING POOL.

The Swimming Pool is being increasingly used, and that was particularly the case on the few very humid days that the weather man sent along during the end of last month. The buffet service maintained its splendid standard.

The following are the results of the events in the Swimming Pool on January 16th and 23rd:

Sixty Yards' Handicap.—First heat: L. Richards (44), 1; A. Richards (36), 2; W. Garnsey (39), 3. Time, 43 2-5 secs. Second heat: S. Carroll (40), 1; S. Rubensohn (35), 2; K. Wheeler (36), 3. Time, 40 sec. Final: S. Carroll, 1; S. Rubensohn, 2; A. Richards, 3. Time, 39 1-5 secs.

Forty Yards' Handicap.—First heat: K. Wheeler (22), 1; A. Richards (21), 2; R. Cathels (23), 3; C. O'Dea (23), 3 (dead-heat). Time, 22½ secs. Second heat: W. Garnsey (24), 1; S. Carroll (23), 2; V. Armstrong (28), 3. Time, 23 secs. Final: A. Richards, 1; K. Wheeler, 2; W. Garnsey, 3. Time, 21 2-5 secs.

### THEATRE BOOKINGS.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. J. C. Williamson, Ltd., Union Theatres, Ltd., Hoyts, Ltd., Prince Edward Theatre, and the Grand Opera House to accept on behalf of Club members bookings over the telephone, and to hold tickets until five minutes before the start of performances.

### OUTDOOR GAMES.

In connection with the question of the appointment of Sub-committees for the conduct of competitions in outdoor games the following provisional committees have been appointed with respect to bowls and cricket:

**Bowls Sub-Committee:** Messrs. E. D. Clark, M. J. Kinnane and H. D. Matthews.

**Cricket Sub-Committee:** Messrs. Warwick Armstrong, M. Polson and G. J. Watson.

### TATTERSALL'S GOLF CLUB.

Following on the recent interest shown in the formation of out-door sporting sections amongst the members of Tattersall's Club, an enthusiastic meeting of those interested in golf was held in the Club Rooms on Tuesday, 28th January, and it was unanimously resolved to form what is to be known as "Tattersall's Golf Club."

The following office-bearers were elected:—Patron, Mr. A. C. Ingham; President, Hon. T. G. Murray, M.L.C.; Committee, Messrs. A. J. L. Giddings, V. Audette, W. A. McDonald, J. A. Kenyon, T. A. Roles, W. C. Goodwin, W. S. Kay; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. George Monte; Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. J. Watson.

The policy of the Club for the time being is to arrange outings for members on the various recognised Golf Courses, and the first of such outings has been arranged to take place on Manly Course on the afternoon of Thursday, 20th March next, when an 18 Holes' Bogey Competition will be held for a trophy which has been presented by the President.

The subscription to the Club has been fixed at 10/6, and all those members of Tattersall's Club who are interested in joining up are advised to get in touch as soon as possible with either the Treasurer, the Secretary, or any member of the Golf Club Committee.

### THE DINING ROOM.

#### An Appreciation.

The Secretary (Mr. T. T. Manning) has received the following letter from a member of the Club:

"Just a few lines to express our satisfaction and appreciation for the repast provided by you on Saturday evening last on the occasion of the dinner to Mr. \_\_\_\_\_. Everything was most enjoyable and everyone present was more than pleased with the courtesy and attention of the head waiter and his assistants.

For any similar functions in the future I feel sure that Tattersall's Club as a rendezvous will be a hot favourite."

Some time ago an innovation was made in the Dining-room by providing table d'hôte portions on a la carte service. The experiment has proved highly satisfactory, as it enables members and their guests to enjoy a varied meal at a very reasonable cost. This service has now been extended to embrace lunches and dinners on Sundays, and it is expected that this further benefit to members will be appreciated, especially by those of the Club members who are returning from motoring or other trips and who wish to be saved the inconvenience of having meals prepared at home on their arrival there.

### TATTERSALL'S AMATEUR SWIMMING CLUB.

Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Ltd., have most generously donated to the Club a solid silver trophy, to be known as the "Dewar Trophy," valued at twenty guineas. Competition for this trophy will be on a



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yearly point score basis, the winner in two successive years or of three yearly contests in all being awarded the valuable trophy. The donors, however, have further added to their magnificent gift by giving a replica of the "Dewar Trophy," valued at seven guineas, to the winner of each year's point score until the trophy shall have been won outright. Races for the trophy point score will be held during the whole of the year, summer and winter.

In order to give every member an even chance in the series this year, it has been decided that the present year's contests would commence with the handicap on Thursday, February 5, which was done.

It is now up to members to show their appreciation of the valuable donation by attending the races regularly, as each race started in means at least one point to the competitor. Mr. J. Dexter, the Hon. Secretary, will be pleased to give any information desired by any member.

#### 80 Yards Brace Relay (30/1/30).

J. Gambier and F. Taylor (68), 1; K. Hall and E. Kennedy (52), 2; A. Richards and V. Armstrong (50), 3. Time, 68½ seconds.

#### PRESENTATION OF PICTURES.

Mr. H. W. Gepp, the Chairman of the Migration and Development Commission, has very generously presented the Club with four excellent photographs in colour depicting Australian bush scenes, and these have been hung in the Coffee Room.

The committee sincerely appreciates presentations of such a useful nature, and would welcome similar gifts from other gentlemen. In June last Mr. J. L. Glick presented the Club with four photographs of Australian bush scenes. These have been hanging in the Dining-room for some time, and they have been much admired.

#### TATTERSALL'S CLUB—SYDNEY.

##### List of Members Elected 21/1/30.

G. Blaauw, A. Even, A. N. Fuller, F. P. Griffin, A. C. Harris, G. Isaacs, R. H. A. Kelly, A. T. Morgan, Spencer Nolan, G. Pratten, F. A. Quinn, E. C. Riley (M.H.R.), J. D. Stewart, L. C. H. Shave, R. W. Smith, H. Wolfensohn, J. W. Wright, J. McKinney.

##### List of New Members Elected 3/2/1930.

I. G. Coghlan, W. J. Clark, R. Cahill, Jack Cantle, H. J. Hoggan, W. R. Hoggan, H. J. Hendy, S. L. Nielsen, T. D. Thompson, Jack Mandel.

#### DOMINO CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Domino Championship has been completed, the winner being Mr. C. K. Sharpe, who is well known in real estate circles, the runner-up being Mr. J. K. Garnsey. Mr. Percy Gapper kindly donated two trophies, valued

respectively at £7/7/- and £3/3/- and these trophies will be presented to the winners in due course.

The complete results for the Championship were as under:—

##### Draw for First Round.

M. Polson v. F. G. Underwood, C. K. Sharpe v. P. Deery, R. Catton v. P. Gapper, S. A. E. B. Gilder v. A. H. Cohen, W. Thomas v. A. Westbrook, C. E. Herd v. Asher Hart, N. C. Kyle v. A. C. Ingham, J. McKinlay v. M. Gearin, C. H. Scougall v. J. M. Forsyth, J. Hartland v. G. Monte, J. N. Creer v. F. W. McWilliam. Byes: S. Green, H. A. Clarke, J. K. Garnsey, H. Brett, H. S. Afrait.

##### Result of First Round.

F. G. Underwood beat M. Polson by forfeit, C. K. Sharpe beat P. Deery by 62, P. Gapper beat R. Catton by forfeit, A. H. Cohen beat S. Gilder by 70, W. Thomas beat A. Westbrook by forfeit, Asher Hart beat C. E. Herd by forfeit, N. C. Kyle beat A. C. Ingham by 162, M. Gearin beat J. McKinlay by forfeit, J. M. Forsyth beat C. H. Scougall by forfeit, J. Hartland beat G. Monte by 166, F. McWilliam beat J. N. Creer by forfeit.

##### Draw for Second Round.

P. Gapper v. M. Gearin, S. Green v. C. K. Sharpe, F. G. Underwood v. W. Thomas, J. Hartland v. J. K. Garnsey, H. Brett v. H. A. Clarke, F. McWilliam v. H. S. Afrait, Asher Hart v. A. H. Cohen, J. M. Forsyth v. N. C. Kyle.

##### Result of Second Round.

P. Gapper beat M. Gearin by forfeit, C. K. Sharpe beat S. Green by forfeit, F. G. Underwood beat W. Thomas by forfeit, J. K. Garnsey beat J. Hartland by 53, H. A. Clarke beat H. Brett by forfeit, H. S. Afrait beat F. McWilliam by 101, A. H. Cohen beat Asher Hart by forfeit, J. M. Forsyth beat N. C. Kyle by forfeit.

##### Draw for Third Round.

J. K. Garnsey v. H. S. Afrait, H. A. Clarke v. F. G. Underwood, A. H. Cohen v. J. M. Forsyth, P. Gapper v. C. K. Sharpe.

##### Result of Third Round.

J. K. Garnsey beat H. S. Afrait by 82, F. G. Underwood beat H. A. Clarke by forfeit, A. H. Cohen beat J. M. Forsyth by 55, C. K. Sharpe beat P. Gapper by 171.

##### Draw for Semi-Finals.

J. K. Garnsey v. A. H. Cohen, F. G. Underwood v. C. K. Sharpe.

##### Result of Semi-Finals.

J. K. Garnsey beat A. H. Cohen by 61, C. K. Sharpe beat F. G. Underwood by 103.

#### FINAL.

C. K. Sharpe beat J. K. Garnsey by 102.

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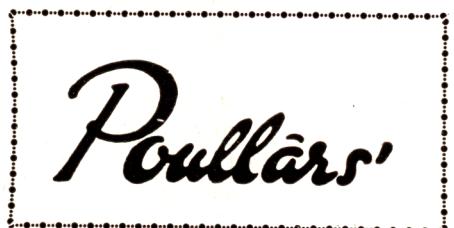


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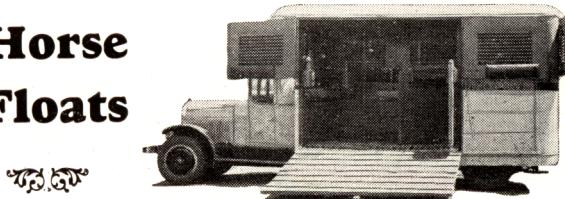
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## Personal Club Notes

Mr. E. A. Connolly has at last left hospital in Melbourne. It is some considerable time since this popular sportsman was attacked by an illness of such severity that for a time his life was despaired of. It will not surprise if the invalid repairs to Sydney shortly. He will, of course, for a time at least, have to give up active participation in horse racing—a serious trial to a man of his temperament. That firm friend of his, Mr. J. W. Cook, will, however, faithfully attend to Mr. Connolly's racing interests. The general hope is that it will not be long before Mr. Connolly is able to resume his former activities.

\* \* \*

Mr. Sol. Green leaves Australia for England on March 18. He is brimful of hope that his great horse, Strephon, will show to distinct advantage in England—a hope that is shared by all Australian sportsmen. While Mr. Green will return to Australia in time to see the next Melbourne Cup it will depend entirely on Strephon's success whether his owner will be in Australia in time to witness the A.J.C. Spring Meeting. If Strephon does well, then Mr. Green will extend his stay in England to such a date that he will have only sufficient time to return to Australia for the 1930 Melbourne Cup. According to Mr. Green everything is progressing favourably on his Underbank Stud. Next season he will have a few foals by Verbius, but these will not be offered for sale but will be raced by Mr. Green. It is quite possible, however, that when the catalogues for the yearling sales of 1932 are prepared, Mr. Green will have a number of lots for submission to the public.

\* \* \*

Since his arrival in Sydney, Mr. Stanley Wootton has been a regular and daily visitor to Tattersall's Club. He is very much taken with the progress made both commercially and in the racing world of New South Wales. While he will remain in Sydney for some little time his affairs in England are in the capable hands of his brother Frank, who, only last week cabled him to the effect that the Wootton stable had been represented by three winners in one afternoon.

\* \* \*

Mr. S. Gilder, chairman of the Moorefield Race Club and a well-known member of Tattersall's Club, availed himself of the Club premises the other day to make the presentation of the Moorefield Gold Cup to the respective winners: Messrs. Say (owner of Ascalon) and E. Moss (owner of Vaals). The division of the race with two heats necessitated the presentation of two cups. Mr. Gilder spoke in glowing terms of the sterling sportsmanship of the two successful owners. Mr. Moss in responding, stated that he was very proud indeed to win the Moorefield Gold Cup and he would treasure it for all time.

The attractions of Woy Woy have gathered in another advocate in Mr. J. R. Hardie, who, with a number of friends, has been exploring the best fishing spots in this favoured watering place.

\* \* \*

Club members have been most frequent in their congratulations to Mr. W. Pearson, owner of that w.f.a. champion, Amounis, whose recent victory was achieved in the Rosehill Stakes. Mr. Pearson derives a great deal of pleasure out of a rubber of bridge, but it is questionable if anything in his sporting world has afforded him the same pleasing moments as Amounis. And ownership of this great Magpie gelding has benefited Mr. Pearson to the extent of £25,000. A wonderful purchase indeed at the 1800 guineas he handed over for the gelding.

\* \* \*

General satisfaction has been expressed that such a popular member as Mr. Chris. O'Rourke has been entrusted with the preparation of such a good filly as Gay Ballerina. While it is no new experience for him to have a really good horse his friends would like to see him with more of the State's leading gallopers.

\* \* \*

The sympathy of members has been freely extended to Mr. Frank S. Black, whose wife died after a short illness on February 1. Mr. Black is New South Wales manager of the Shell Oil Coy.

\* \* \*

Mr. Clifford Coles, a popular member of the Club, recently returned to Sydney by the Nestor after having been travelling abroad for nearly twelve months. Mr. Coles has returned delighted with his first trip to the old lands and he has much of interest to say about his travels and his experiences, both in the lesser known parts of Europe and in parts of Africa whither with a party he went to see a lot of the lion country in East Africa. A member of the Council of the Royal Zoological Society of N.S.W. and president of the Ornithological Section of that body, it is but natural that Mr. Coles missed no opportunities to visit scientific institutions and to get in touch with many of the people in England and on the Continent who are well-known throughout the world in connection with ornithological or scientific work in general. Mr. Coles spent some time in Great Britain and during his stay in London he was present at a conference of over 2000 naturalists who had gathered from all parts of the world to discuss natural history matters. Mr. Coles, in chatting with the Editor the other day, said he had been much interested in meeting many of these naturalists, in addition to which he had been shown great

kindness by many men such as Mr. Gregory Matthews, who was preparing his monumental work on "The Birds of Australia." A tour which totalled a mileage of 11,000 miles was carried out by Mr. Coles throughout the countries of Europe. There are few places in Europe that he does not seem to have visited and the collection of photograph brought back by him, the majority of which were taken by himself, are quite unique in their way. Mr. Coles who was accompanied throughout his tour by Mrs. Coles, returned to Australia after a hurried tour of East Africa, where he traversed a large part of the big game country and incidentally met with many interesting experiences.

\* \* \*

Mr. D. Grant, of Spearfelt fame, has returned to Sydney after an absence abroad. Mr. Grant appears to be just the same as before he left for the other side of the world. He may be found delving into the "yearling" market during the coming Easter in an endeavour to secure another Spearfelt.

\* \* \*

Not only as the owner of Winalot has Mr. E. K. White had celebrity thrust on him. This well-known turfite has been gaining distinction lately in the world of golf. This ancient game has commanded Mr. White's attentions only during the last two years, but the success attending his efforts is on all fours with his success as a follower of the Sport of Kings. Mr. White is modest so far as his golf is concerned but there is no denying his ability in this field. Concentration is a big factor in this game and those who know Mr. White can well understand why he has done so well at this sport.

\* \* \*

Mr. Richard Wootton has his hands full now and his many business interests have to take a back seat. The popular Australian sportsman is now showing his son, Mr. Stanley Wootton, the rounds of Sydney. Of course, other parts of the State will be visited during his son's brief stay in Sydney before the latter returns to England where he is established as one of the Empire's foremost trainers. Other members of the family returned from England, and since their advent, Mr. R. Wootton's step is even more sprightly than usual.

\* \* \*

Mr. Sol. Green, on Anniversary Day, paid his last visit to Randwick prior to his departure for England in order to see Strephon tackle the best horses on the other side of the world. As Mr. Green failed to locate a winner on Anniversary Day his legion of friends are hopeful that a much better reception awaits him on the other side of the world.

\* \* \*

One of the most freely congratulated members of Tattersall's Club of late is Mr. Herwald G. Kirkpatrick, owner of that great filly, Gay Ballerina. The latter has proved not only a wonderful bargain but also she must be rated one of the best fillies for her inches to race in Sydney. Not only did she win Tattersall's Club's big sprint race—the Carrington Stakes—but she prevailed at Moorfield with 9.12 on her back and then ran away with the Adrian Knox Stakes.

Sir Samuel Hordern, who has been in England for some considerable time, is on his way back to Australia and should reach Sydney in a week or so. Sir Samuel and a cousin of his in Mr. Anthony S. Hordern, will pass one another in mid-ocean, as Mr. Hordern, who has been visiting Australia, returned to England by the Chitral a fortnight ago.

\* \* \*

After a fairly lengthy illness, Mr. F. N. Robinson, manager of the Bank of New South Wales at head office in Sydney, proceeded to the north-west of the State in order to recuperate on Balarang Station as the guest of Mr. P. E. Stirton.

\* \* \*

Mr. E. S. Marks, M.L.A., who devotes a good deal of the time that he can secure away from his parliamentary duties in the interests of the Amateur Athletic Union of Australia, was absent from Sydney last week. As honorary secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union he journeyed to Melbourne in order to attend the biennial meeting of the Full Board of Control of the Union.

\* \* \*

A visitor to Tattersall's Club last week was Mr. R. J. Milbanke, who is visiting Australia in the interest of the Irish Bloodstock Agency. Mr. Milbanke, who is a brother of Sir John Milbanke, who married Lady Loughborough, formerly Miss Sheila Chisholm, of Sydney, arrived in Sydney by the Malabar.

\* \* \*

Mr. G. Price returned to Sydney since the last issue of Tattersall's Club Magazine. He paid a hurried visit to New Zealand. It is his custom to make a trip to the Dominion in January of each year.

\* \* \*

Mr. J. K. Heydon is at present en route to Colombo by the Ormonde.

\* \* \*

Members of Tattersall's Club in Sir Benjamin Fuller, G. R. W. McDona'd, M.L.C., Messrs. Dan Carroll, J. W. Hicks, junr., C. Jaques and E. Geach were conspicuous among those who tendered a luncheon to Mr E. J. Carroll prior to his departure for America by the Aorangi.

\* \* \*

Mr. T. A. White, a very old member of Tattersall's Club, is still convalescing.

\* \* \*

Mr. Otway R. Falkiner, a prominent member of the Club, is interested in quite a big number of businesses. His latest interest is a seat on the board of the Hotel Savoy Ltd.

\* \* \*

There was general approval in sporting circles when it was made clear that Mr. Fred. Smith, a member of Tattersall's Club, who races under an assumed name, had secured a good two-years-old in Longwood. With Karuma, Mr. Smith has been unfortunate since that fine galloper won the last Doncaster Handicap. Karuma went wrong on his recent trip to Melbourne, when his mission was the Caulfield Cup, but if Longwood wins an Autumn classic Mr. Smith will be well recompensed.

## Obituary

### Mr. Ernest A. Palmer.

We regret to have to note the death at his home at Mosman on 9th January last of our popular member, Mr. Ernest A. Palmer, Chairman and Managing Director of Messrs. F. J. Palmer & Son Ltd., whose premises in the city are well known. Last year our late member toured England with the Australian Bowlers. Whilst in the Old Country, Mr. Palmer was taken ill and never completely recovered and since he returned to Australia had been in indifferent health. Mr. Palmer was the only son of the late Mr. F. J. Palmer, who founded the firm in 1880. Our late member was born in 1878 and received his education at Newington College. As a young man he entered his father's business and later on became a partner in it. In 1918 the business was converted into a limited company, and at the same time, Mr. Palmer became associated with his father, who died in 1920, as joint managing director.

As a sportsman, Mr. Palmer was enthusiastic in many directions. As a young man he was always prepared to mix things well with the gloves and he was prominent both on the cricket pitch and in the football field. Taking up bowls some years ago he came to the fore in that game and he was a past president of the Warringah Bowling Club.

He loved aquatic sports too, and as a yachtsman he was known far and wide among brother sailors. Aboard his auxiliary cruiser Nauwai he will be remembered as a kind and courteous host and companion.

The obsequies took place at the Crematorium, Rookwood, on the 10th ultimo, these being preceded by a

service which took place at the late gentleman's residence, "Haeremai", Bradley's Head Road, Mosman.

The sympathy of Club members is extended to Mrs. Palmer and the family, which consists of a son and six daughters.

### Mr. Boyd Edkins.

Many members of Tattersall's Club were shocked to hear of the death of Mr. Boyd Edkins, who, though not latterly a member, while well known in the Club, was more conspicuous in motor circles. The deceased was ill a matter of five weeks when he died at St. Luke's Hospital, Sydney, on January 23. While he was interested in horse racing to a certain extent, his brother Mr. R. H. Edkins, owner of the Sydney Cup winner Piastoon, was more conspicuous in this sphere. Mr. Boyd Edkins, however, who was principal of the firm of Boyd Edkins Ltd., was one of the best known motor drivers in Australia prior to giving up this form of sport some years ago. He held the Brisbane to Sydney and Sydney to Melbourne car records at one time. For many years he was president of the Motor Traders' Association, while he was also a member of the Traffic Board of the N.R.M.A.

Born on Mt. Cornish sheep station near Muttaburra, in the west of Queensland, the late Mr. Boyd Edkins was educated in Sydney at the King's School. He entered the motor trade as soon as he decided to launch out in the commercial world and he did much to advance the cause of the Vauxhall cars. While he was a keen motorist he was also fond of golf and tennis and on top of this played cricket in his younger days. He will be missed from not only Tattersall's Club but also in very many prominent avenues of life in Sydney.

## In the Card Room

### Auction Bridge :: An Error that Proved Expensive

Four well-known members of the Club were engrossed in a game of auction bridge the other evening and when two of them "got away" with "three no-trumps doubled" there were some uncomplimentary remarks passed concerning the play of one of the two players in defeat. Perhaps the remarks were rather biting but the fact remains that only through bad play was the declarer able to score game and rubber on the doubled three no-trumps contract. He should have been "set" 200 on the contract but for an error that must be termed costly in the extreme.

The score was love all in the rubber game when S dealt:

N.  
Spades: A J 6  
Hearts: 9 5 3  
Diamonds: A J 10 6  
Clubs: 10 6 5

E.  
Spades: 7 5  
Hearts: A J 10 7  
Diamonds: 9 5  
Clubs: A Q J 8 7

S. (dealer)  
Spades: K 10 8  
Hearts: K 8 2  
Diamonds: K Q 7  
Clubs: K 9 3 2

W.  
Spades: Q J 4 3 2  
Hearts: Q 6 4  
Diamonds: 8 4 3 2  
Clubs: 4

Before S had properly looked at his hand he saw sufficient to call "one no-trump." And even though he was minus an ace his call was a good one. But E immediately called out "Double." E could have called "two clubs" but he was hopeful that his partner would take out the informative double into hearts.

N responded with "two diamonds" and W came back with "two spades." There was no need for W to bid but any no-trumper in the rubber game is a menace and worth a little risk to defeat or out-bid.

S, with only a single spade guard, did not feel at liberty to continue with the no trumps and he fell back on to "three diamonds." E did not interfere as he recognised that not much harm would be done in the minor suit.

However, N decided to hie into the no-trumps business again and he called three of them. This call, going to E, was doubled.

Thanks to more than one error on the part of their opponents N and S scored game and rubber.

E led his queen of clubs, which S allowed to make. Then E played out his ace of clubs, and finding his part-

ner with no more of them and S with a double guard, switched off this suit into diamonds.

S "squeezed" two discards from E's hand, one of which was a club and the other a spade. When he had finished with dummy's diamonds, S led a small spade, intending to lose the trick and throw the lead back into E's hand, because of the threatening danger of a heart lead through from the right.

To protect his queen, W of course, should have put up the knave second-in-hand, but carelessly played low, and S, to his surprise, won the trick with the eight of spades. He promptly played back to dummy's ace, and then made the king of spades in his own hand. He knew from E's club discard that E had only two clubs left, so, playing his king and then his small club, he threw the lead back into a hand which had only hearts left to lead up to him. By this means S made his king of hearts and scored game and rubber.

W did not hesitate to tell E how he should have played.

#### Omission to Play to Trick.

It would appear as if many players of auction bridge are unaware that a penalty is provided for in the event of failure to play to a trick. While the error is a trivial one, it may be attended by serious consequences out of all proportion to its effect on the game, for an opponent of an offender may claim a new deal.

This matter came up in a recent game in the Club. E, his mind absorbed as declarer in a four-spade double, forgot to play from his hand to the 10th trick won by dummy. He had played to the next trick, with his doubled contract safe, when he was challenged by N, on his left.

Taking the challenge trick, E looked at it face downwards and then the cards upwards.

"That will be 50 points to us," jokingly remarked S, who was N's partner.

"If you are serious, then you do not know your rules" said E. "I was careful to count the cards in the trick before I turned it over, which I have the right to do under law No. 19 if it is found to contain an incorrect number of cards. There are three cards only in the trick, and I have a card too many in my hand. What are you going to do about it?"

Reference to rule No. 42 disclosed:—

"If the declarer omits to play to a trick from his own hand and attention is not directed to the irregularity before he has played to the next trick, either opponent may on discovering the irregularity but without consulting his partner, claim a new deal."

"That is a bit hard," said W.

"You be quiet, you're dummy," said N.

"And as dummy I can participate in the discussion of any question of fact or law," came back from W. "If you are going to be so clever over the omission to play to a trick, you should study dummy's right and privileges."

When N explained that he had only been joking, he desired to know where he stood in relation to E's three-card trick. He had placed himself in an awkward position because he had the right to claim a new deal, but he felt the punishment greater than the crime.

After a certain amount of discussion the deal was allowed to stand. E was informed that he had the last two tricks in dummy, and that gave him contract and rubber.

E was not satisfied. He argued that he had been placed in the invidious position of winning by the generosity of his opponents. It was decided by this quartette that in future they would play bridge according to the strict interpretation of the rules.

And W, who as dummy had a bad habit of finger- ing the cards that he thought his partner would play from the exposed hand, was warned that the next time the ace of clubs is led and dummy shows the king and one small club, and he touches that small card, one of his opponents would call out "We call upon you, declarer, not to play that card." It would not be correct to say "You must play the king upon the ace," but the effect would be the same.

\* \* \*

Although a description of the "Eleven Rule" will be unnecessary to advanced bridge players and most moderate exponents of the game, nevertheless there are players to whom a brief explanation of what that rule is will be welcome.

The rule is not peculiar to bridge but is a legacy from the days of Whist and as a matter of fact except for the ordinary incidences of the two games, common to many others, it is the only one used by bridge players to-day. It is a rule of sufficient importance to make it necessary for every player to understand it and to apply it.

Simply explained the rule is this: When the fourth best card of any suit is led by either your partner or your opponent, deduct the value of that card from the number eleven. The figure remaining will give you the number of cards—not in the leader's hand—which are out against the card led.

For example, let us suppose your partner has led the six of diamonds. Deduct six from eleven and it leaves five. Now there are five diamonds higher than that six and those five must be in the Dummy, your own or the declarer's hands. They cannot be in your partner's. All five of course may be in any one of the other three hands, but on an average they will be divided up between the three.

Take this case. The six is led and you see in the Dummy the Queen, nine and five. In your own hand is the Ace, ten and eight. You will know at once by applying the Eleven rule that the declarer has no diamond higher than the six in his hand. Therefore, if he should play the nine from Dummy on your partner's six you will play the ten from your own hand with the full knowledge that it will win the trick, thus preventing the Queen from ever making a trick for the adversary.

The explanation is as follows: There are thirteen cards in every suit and they range from one to the King. Their values, however, do not run from one to thirteen but from two to fourteen. This is owing to the fact that the Ace is highest and two the lowest in value. If the numerical value of the cards were carried on from the ten then the Jack would be eleven, Queen twelve, King thirteen and Ace fourteen.

If then the fourth highest card is led there must be three higher cards in the leader's hand. Deduct those

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